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THE

BENIGHTED TRAVELLER;

A Tale.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

EDWARD FRANCIS HUGHES.

LONDON:
C. A. BARTLETT, 32, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1846.

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PREFACE.

It is a common thing, in these times, for the author of a volume of poetry to apologize for its publication, or else recommend it as possessing unrivalled excellence. The author of the present volume has no intention of doing either. He has no inclination to adopt the latter course, and he feels himself under no obligation to pursue the former. It is not a favour, but every one's right, provided he does no injustice or injury to others, to make known his thoughts in any form he may choose; and it is as much his right to print them as it is to speak them.

The aim of the author, in the following compositions, has been to profit rather than to please; though he might perhaps say, to profit as well as to please. Some of the pieces were among the earliest fruits of his attachment to the muses, and are to be regarded as expressions of feeling rather than of thought. "The Benighted

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Traveller, or the Efficacy of Prayer," the most considerable of them, was designed to illustrate the language of the Apostle James, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much;" a proposition which, as well as many other Scripture propositions and principles, it was thought might derive some practical influence from poetical illustration. How far his design has been successfully executed, the author must leave others to determine. He doubts not that imperfections are to be found in his performance; and should an opportunity be afforded him for their removal, he will most cheerfully seek the attainment of that object.

Much has been said about the character of the present age, and not a little about its literary, and especially its poetical, character. If the author might hazard an opinion, he would say, and that without expecting himself to be made an exception, that its poetry is not equal to other branches of its literature; it does not keep pace with the times. He professes no acquaintance with the cause of this deficiency. Perhaps it is owing to the noisy, bustling character of the age, which may be unfavourable to that mental solitude and self-communion, the usual concomitants of a lofty flight into the higher and purer regions of poetry. Every one lives in a hurry; everything is done in a hurry.

If the foregoing be a correct statement of the case, what is needed by the genuine poet, the poet of the age, is a soul superior to the distracting character of the age; a soul well balanced, and strongly nerved; self-governed, and self-sustained; that shall rule the tendencies of the age, and not be ruled by them; that shall guide others, and not be their abject follower. Yet not a soul at variance with the spirit of the age, but one that shall sympathise with its better features, and subdue to harmony those which appear discordant. Not one that would destroy the noisy elements of energetic activity which surround us, but one that shall render them musical, and rightly direct them; one that shall hear music in the din of manufactures, the hum of commerce, and the tumult of citizens; one that shall see beauty in a chimney, a factory, or a steamer, and a picture in a railway; one that shall relish art as well as nature, reason as well as passion, truth as well as fancy, and fact as well as fable; one that shall perceive the relation of things which to others appear alienated; one that shall collect into combination and unison, beings, circumstances, and influences, which are viewed by others as confused, contending, and irreconcilable; one that shall fathom the depths of existence, master the sources of action, discern the secret springs of conduct,

and the outlets of influence, and be prepared to lay all under contribution to the accomplishment of his own noble and heaven-directed purposes. Whether such a soul is at present at work or not, has yet to be proved. He will be a true universalist. As a man, he will belong to the whole world; as a Christian, to the whole church; as a being, to the whole of God's dominions. His life will be a prophecy, his works its commentary; and both will show that the muse can still dwell on earth, and breathe forth her inspirations in the midst of the noise and activity of an age like our own. Such is the character needed, such is the character looked for, and yet it may be questioned whether the world would bid him welcome.

E. F. HUGHES.

April, 1846.

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THE

BENIGHTED TRAVELLER;

OR,

The Efficacy of Prayer.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."
James v. 16.

Old Richard's journey scarcely was begun,
When Sol's retracted rays proclaim'd *his* done.
'Midst Christmas revels, and the sport and play
Of grandsons and their sire, he'd spent the day;
Nor heeded once the distance he'd to go,
Though varied was his path, and clad in snow.
With stout great coat wrapp'd up, and stick in hand,
A comfort and support such nights demand,
He bent his lonely course for many miles;
And fondly would at times have jump'd the stiles,
So pleas'd was he, with health and plenty blest
To find his relatives, nor dispossess'd
Of that rich gem, fair virtue's noblest part,
And choicest gift of heav'n, a grateful heart.

But Richard's sportive days were o'er, and now,
The silver locks which deck'd his rev'rend brow,
And furrow'd cheeks, bespoke decrepit age
To be the part he play'd on life's wide stage.
He'd travell'd far, ere anything arose,
His calm, yet cheerful mind to discompose.
But now his fears commence; behold him plac'd
Upon a desolate and dreary waste;
His track unbeaten, and his feet held fast,
Or driv'n along by ev'ry rough-tongued blast;
No friend to cheer him, or that gloom dispel
Which in the troubled breast is sure to dwell;
In vain he hop'd for such, as oft he stay'd
And listen'd for approaching steps; dismay'd,
And more a prey to terror, he would try
Again to face the night's inclemency.
Thus was he situate, and thus forlorn,
Of elemental strife the jest and scorn,
When to his griefs, already quite a load,
One worse than all the rest,—he'd miss'd the road,—
Was added; for, so dark the night and drear,
He'd wander'd, he could not tell how, nor where,
Till forced to stop—see now before him spread
Despair's dark harbinger, destruction dread;
All a tremendous precipice can wear
To stagger the Benighted Traveller.
How now to act, and his escape secure
From ills he could not conquer, nor endure,
Perplex'd, he knew not; for he fear'd the womb
Of deep and drifted snows would prove his tomb,

If, even by his lately-beaten track,
He should pursue his dismal journey back.
He first resolv'd such course to take, then not;
He re-resolv'd, and yet maintain'd the spot;
Though thus bewilder'd and confus'd his brain,
Again he did resolve, and fail'd again.
At length, convinc'd 'twas useless standing still,
He on his left strove to descend the hill;
Which prov'd, than any former task, more hard,
For yet unknown distress his progress marr'd,
Full in his face, with fury, strongly beat
Rough winds, discharging loads of pungent sleet.
His head declining, therefore, he his hat
Drew o'er his face, and made a shield of that;
A partial shield; not like the one, we know,
Achilles had, when with the Trojan foe
He met for combat, which could nearly all
His person shelter in assault and thrall,
And from its highly-temper'd surface well
The fleetest arrow's direful force repel.
Nor was his form impervious as stone
In ev'ry part save his right heel alone,
(As that great hero's was conceiv'd to be
By fabling muses of antiquity,)
Else would his cheeks with cold have smarted less,
And he not felt nor fear'd its bitterness.
At last, his hope and courage almost spent,
He of the hill effected a descent;
But to decide what course would homewards lead
Did still his widest range of thought exceed:

The night was far advanc'd; upon his frame
A clammy shivering and horror came;
He stopp'd;—he ponder'd;—all around seem'd hush'd,
In quick succession through his fancy rush'd
Sad scenes of grief,—his spouse a widow left,
His children weeping, of their sire bereft.
Like swelling floods, and inundating rains,
Which roll down mountains and sweep over plains,
Bearing before them, with destructive force,
Whatever meets or intercepts their course,
These woe-fraught visions seiz'd his troubled soul,
And brought its pow'rs beneath their dark control.
Whilst thus he stood, the captive of his fears,
Faint human accents fell upon his ears,
Or he imagin'd so; he listen'd round,
Again they came, and with a heavier sound;
But to distinguish whether in despair,
Or joy, they were express'd, surpass'd his care;
His own distress'd condition being guide,
He took the former and the darker side,
And judg'd that each recurrence of the tones
Would prove them some one's dying cries and groans.
He now felt thankful, that, though sad his state,
It had not yet become thus desperate;
His heart with pity, too, began to glow
At what he thought may be another's woe;
And as its warmth his lab'ring bosom swell'd,
His fretting care for self was half dispell'd.

Soon as the spot, whence came the voice, he'd learn'd,
From that where he so long had stood he turn'd,
And strove to reach it; what was his surprise,
When just before him, to his gladden'd eyes,
A light appear'd! 'twas but a feeble beam,
Yet did it kindle hope, and bid it gleam
O'er all his wak'ning pow'rs; perchance, thought he,
Some house or cottage may be near to me,
And through the door, or shutters, this faint ray
Has from the fire or candle forc'd its way.
Encourag'd by the thought, and that he'd found
The light to come whence also came the sound,
He struggled on; his efforts were not vain,
Nor those fond hopes which did them most sustain.
He reach'd the coveted, the sought-for spot;
There was a residence, a humble cot,
In front of which a garden must have been,
Since snow-clad shrubs and fences could be seen.
In front of it he stood; where, just the same
To his attentive ear the voice still came,
Save that 'twas louder, yet it was too low
For him at present what it meant to know.
'Twas deeply solemn, and did rather bear
The impress of devotion than despair.
About to hollow, and his case to state,
The light assisting, he discern'd the gate.
But doubly lock'd it was; the snow and key,
To make it fast, had challeng'd rivalry.

He scal'd the gate, and t'wards the door inclin'd,
When gloomy doubts revisited his mind.
What, if this building be the dwelling-place
Of thieves and robbers, monsters of our race!
What, if it harbour murderers alone,
With whom the sweetest music is a groan!
What, if attempting present ills to shun,
I only into greater evils run!
Such were his thoughts; but transient was their stay,
His hopes reviv'd, and chas'd them all away:
As airy phantoms, feign'd to shun the light,
And only visit mortals during night,
When morning dawns, to other realms depart,
So these assum'd forebodings left his heart:
Yet not till one precaution was inspir'd,
That, ere he knock'd, or any aid desir'd,
He would the voice with further care attend,
And its true import fully comprehend.
He therefore to the door drew still more near,
And at the key-hole plac'd his list'ning ear.
Now, what was said he easily could tell,
For on his sense each word distinctly fell;
And soon he found 'twas pray'r, and pray'r indeed
Which reach'd e'en him, for thus it did proceed:—
"O Thou blest Jesus! Who, to visit earth,
Had'st but a manger for Thy place of birth;
Who, while the foxes to their holes repair'd,
And birds their shelt'ring nests with pleasure shar'd,

Had'st nowhere for Thy sacred head to rest,
We praise Thee for the mercies here possess'd;
With holy ardour ev'ry spirit move,
These mercies for Thy glory to improve.
And if, while we are bending at Thy throne,
And Thy continued love adoring own,
Some nightly traveller has lost his road,
Conduct him hither to our safe abode;
That, as to aid him we Thy gifts employ,
The good Samaritan's may be our joy."
Such was the pray'r; a pray'r for Richard, too;
Nor ceas'd it thus; but here the theme was new,
And his attention to it was deferr'd,
So great was his delight at what he'd heard.
Yet his delight was not unmix'd with pain;
His conscience smote him: how could he refrain,
As he had done, his cause with heav'n to plead,
When strangers deign'd for him to intercede?
Think not that he was unacquainted how,
Or was unus'd, before his God to bow!
No; but like children, whom their parents teach
To rev'rence forms their reason cannot reach;
Or some, who make their saying pray'rs their trade,
He'd often *said* his pray'rs, but never *pray'd:*
The heart was absent; he to highest heav'n
The service of the lips alone had giv'n;
And as such services his conscience eas'd,
He fondly judg'd that heav'n itself was pleas'd.

Now lips and heart alike from duty swerv'd;
Both form and spirit had been unobserv'd;
And conscience would no longer silence keep,
By guilty compromises lull'd asleep;
It made the error of the present time
The mirror of his past and greater crime;
And outward storms by which he had been tried,
With this, his inward storm, had scarcely vied.
What could he do? Again the pray'r attend,
And follow it with patience to the end?
He could not follow it; as he compar'd
His own petitions with the one he shar'd,
And mark'd the contrast, ev'ry sentence came
With such reproof, that he was deaf with shame;
Nor could he even stay till it was o'er;
He rais'd his stick, and gently rapp'd the door.
At first it was not heeded, though it brought,
To those who pray'd, just what their pray'r had sought;
And like to Gabriel, who to Daniel went
As he his supplications did present,
Was God's own token that His ear was mov'd,
And He their ev'ning sacrifice approv'd.
He knock'd again, more loudly, but as ill
His efforts, he unheard continued still;
So much had faith o'er sense obtain'd control;
So had it rais'd from earth to heav'n the soul!
Compell'd to wait, he fix'd his cautious eye
Where formerly he did his ear apply;

But he could not the worshippers discern,
So as their number perfectly to learn;
An aged man was partially reveal'd,
And near to him some youthful persons kneel'd,
Of whom the former he the father deem'd,
As he the leader of their worship seem'd.
Not long he gaz'd, before the deep "Amen,"
The signal he desir'd to knock again,—
A signal he could hear—announc'd the close
Of their devotions; all of them arose;
And being ris'n, his knocking he renew'd,
And calling also, for assistance sued;
Which readily was granted, yet not less
With prudent care than willing cheerfulness.
"There's some one at the door!" a voice exclaim'd;
"Who's there?" was added, when the old man nam'd
And order'd one of them to go and see;
But took the light, and follow'd instantly,
Himself inquiring, as the door he gain'd,
Determin'd, till an answer was obtain'd,
He would refuse to open it, "Who's there?"
"I am a poor Benighted Traveller,"
Was Richard's prompt reply; "and my sad state
To make still worse, and render desperate,
I've miss'd my way, and undirected roam,
And unaccompanied, in search of home;
My search is fruitless, wheresoe'er I go,
So thick the darkness, and so deep the snow:

Oh! pity me! and come and set me right,
Or else afford me shelter for the night."
The old man ask'd no more, so satisfied
Was he that Richard honestly replied;
So much had sympathy his breast inspir'd;
So lov'd he aiding those who aid requir'd;
And so, as past devotions cross'd his mind,
To trace all this to God was he inclin'd.
"Come in," he cried, as he the door unlock'd,
And all the family around him flock'd
To see him open it; "Come in, and share
Our humble dwelling and providing care;
A lodging take; you're welcome to receive
All we can do your sorrows to relieve."
His heart-felt joy and gratitude express'd,
That with deliverance he now was bless'd,
Richard advanc'd; each cheek,—yet all the while
Compassion fill'd the soul,—indulg'd a smile,
So ghost-like his appearance; he was clad
By art and nature too; the latter had
A snowy mantle woven and thrown o'er
The garments art had cloth'd him in before.
This shaking off, which only loosely hung,
And from his boots the mass which to them clung
Knocking away, he enter'd; soon as pass'd,
The door was clos'd, and for the night made fast.
William, (for such the host's familiar name,
Whose years, and Richard's, were about the same,)

His guest's stick, hat, and great-coat from his hands
In charge receiving, issued his commands;
And all were soon and busily employ'd
Their guest to serve; and all the work enjoy'd.
One brought a chair, and plac'd him near the fire,
Which now was thought fresh fuel to require;
Another this necessity supplied,
And many little acts perform'd beside;
The rest becoming preparation made
For his refreshment, and the table laid
With ev'ry kind of wholesome Christmas fare
Their means could furnish and their skill prepare;
And though themselves and friends they'd entertain'd,
And feasted freely, plenty yet remain'd.
It pleas'd him much their diligence to view,
So very cold he was, and hungry too.
Meanwhile, to William, who had got a seat
Just opposite to his, he did repeat,
More fully than he hitherto had done,
The nature of his journey; when begun,
And what its progress, perils, toil, and grief,
Till in their sympathy he found relief.—
How, having left his wife at home, since she
Was too infirm to bear him company,
He'd gone alone, a long and irksome way,
A visit to his oldest son to pay;
Who married was, as all his children were,
And bore himself a father's character.—

How young ones play'd and prattled, parents smil'd,
And their festivities the time beguil'd,
And made it ev'ning, ere returning thence
He was dispos'd or able to commence.—
How, though he started joyously impress'd,
And nought akin to fear his mind distress'd,
The worst of terrors over it prevail'd,
When darkness shrouded him, and storm assail'd.—
How his right way he miss'd, and tried in vain
Through deep'ning snows to enter it again.—
How, wand'ring thus, a precipice he found,
In gloomy and destructive horrors crown'd.—
How, this escap'd, of which he nothing knew,
So that a homeward course he might pursue,
He reach'd the spot, where, as to ruminate
On all the mis'ries of his wretched state
Awe-struck he stood, he human accents heard.—
How, shortly afterwards, a light appear'd,
Which o'er his steps its helpful lustre shed,
And like the star which Eastern Magi led,
And was in mercy for that purpose giv'n,
Became his guide to this their little heav'n.—
How, whilst engag'd in pray'r, and just as they
For such a case as his began to pray,
He reach'd the door, and knock'd, and call'd, though none
Of his appeals avail'd till they had done.
These final incidents in haste he nam'd,
For "All is ready now," a voice exclaim'd,

And summon'd him a free repast to take;
But had it not, he must, for conscience' sake,
Have left the subject; his convictions wrought
Such keen remorse, such agony of thought.
He had not pray'd himself! he'd but abus'd,
By solemn mockery, the forms he'd used.
Here real pray'r, by faith and love inspir'd,
Brought from above the benefits requir'd.

He turn'd, and at the table took his seat;
When William,—bidding him begin to eat,
And make himself at home, and not to feel,
But pardon their not joining in the meal,
As they had early supp'd, their usual plan,—
Led forward the discourse, and thus began:—

"'Tis God who saves you: by his hand alone
You're hither led; this work is all his own.
No human guide he gave, your way to cheer,
That his own guidance might the more appear.
To God be all the praise, who so befriends
His sinful creatures, and who condescends
To make their dangers and their wants his care,
And e'en to notice and to answer pray'r.
Pray'r! our chief privilege; how great its worth
To us, the needy residents of earth!
How great its pow'r! its wonders who can tell,
Or once present us with their parallel?
E'en God himself no nearer equal sees,
Than in the saint who's prostrate on his knees.
If aught avails for its accomplishment,
'Tis pray'r that makes a man omnipotent;

For it enlists for him, when breath'd aright,
With boundless love and wisdom, boundless might;
This boundless love and wisdom have ordain'd,
And thus it is that Christians are sustain'd;
Thus ample strength and patience they procure
For all they have to do and to endure.
Oft has this truth, my friend, been prov'd by me,
For I'm no stranger to adversity;
Nine mournful years a widower I've been,
And many cares and many trials seen;
Yet has my Father's promise never fail'd;
The pray'r by him inspir'd with him prevail'd.
And though my great unworthiness I trace,
He's hitherto preserv'd me by his grace;
And granted me, not splendour, pomp, and wealth,
But richer blessings, plenty, peace, and health.
My children, too, are rising into life;
Besides these four at home, I've one a wife,
And one a husband; both of whom so well
And happily are settled, I foretell
Another wedding; Jane, their sister there,
Laughingly heedless as she would appear,
Has got a beau; I quite approve the choice,
And must at such a union rejoice;
And also grieve; for then from me she'd part,
The fondest earthly idol of my heart.
Her mother's features, and her mother's mind
So much adorn her, I am oft inclin'd,
Though long she's been in heav'n, the world of bliss,
Half to believe my wife is still in this;

But oh! the sad delusion! yet how sweet!
Would that it never were, or were complete!"
Thus William spoke, and paus'd; for in his eyes
The big and briny tears began to rise,
And down his often-travers'd cheeks to roll,
The liquid language of a melted soul.
These wiping off, "Come, Jane, my dear," said he,
"And Harriet, and George, and Emily;"
(Each of his children mentioning by name,
And in such order as their ages came,)
"Sing for our friend the carol, which, before
He found our home, to me you practis'd o'er.
You, George, must get your flute; you'll need its aid
To lead the air." Enough: George soon obey'd;
His sisters not less cheerfully, but they
Had first to put the supper things away;
For Richard now his wants had satisfied,
And finish'd the repast their hands supplied.
When this they'd done, all join'd the sacred song,
And sweetest music swell'd on ev'ry tongue;
It fill'd the house, and rose to realms above,
A Saviour's birth the theme, and bleeding love.
Thus clos'd the ev'ning. Would that Christmas nights
Were always spent in similar delights.
For bed they separate; when Richard, shown
By William to his room, was soon alone;
His weary head the welcome pillow press'd,
And overcome by sleep, he sank to rest:

But not till he had pray'd; now aptly taught
To pray in earnest; and had pardon sought
For his defects and errors in the past;
And render'd thanks for rescue from the blast;
And begg'd, that with himself, his wife might share,
Till they again should meet, preserving care.
Refreshing slumber had his powr's renew'd,
When by the bird, in voice and manners rude,
And which as little change of season knows,
As change of note or cadence when he crows,
All were arous'd. "George, George," his sisters cried,
"Your father calls." "I'm coming," he replied.
"Go, George," his father said, "and sweep away
The snow before the doors." Without delay,
He went; meantime his sisters join'd to get
The breakfast; when his task was done, they met,
And of this useful morning meal partook;
Nor did they their superior wants o'erlook;
Or from establish'd order deviate,
Because it might a guest accommodate;
Save that the reading of the sacred word,
And pray'r, till after breakfast were deferr'd;
That, as he left, they might their guest commend
To an almighty and unchanging friend.
They therefore, during breakfast, one by one
Repeated scripture texts; which, till they'd done,
The subject of their wise discourse remain'd:
Thus grace, no less than nature, they sustain'd;

Thus were they strengthen'd, and prepar'd again
To serve their God, themselves, their fellow men.
The time for parting came; so William led
His family's devotions; first, he read;
What page of sacred truth I need not trace;
Let it suffice, it suited Richard's case;
Then all in fervent supplication join'd;—
Not in vile cant for the occasion coin'd;—
And sought that he, whom pray'r had made their guest,
In answer to their pray'rs might still be bless'd.
The service over, Richard kindly paid
His grateful thanks for all their kindly aid;
They wish'd no more; and 'twould be hard to say,
Which felt the most indebted, he, or they;
So much are gratitude and love alike,
So full of harmony the chords they strike.
He now shook hands, and bade them all "Farewell!"
From ev'ry lip the same short sentence fell;
But William added,—as they reach'd the door,
And each of them had said "Farewell!" once more,—
"If e'er again you pass our dwelling, call;
The Lord be with you, and be with us all;
And grant that all of us, if 'tis not giv'n
To meet again on earth, may meet in heav'n."
The morning was a contrast to the night;
The snow had ceas'd; the sun was clear and bright;
And though the earth was still a fleecy plain,
The heavens smil'd, and peaceful was their reign.

George went with Richard, till he'd found his road,
Which he pursued, and reach'd his own abode.
It gave him joy his aged spouse to meet:
He bless'd his God, whose work was now complete,
That out of prospects with such danger fraught,
He had such miracles of goodness wrought;
That pray'r's great EFFICACY now he knew,
Its real NATURE, and its PRACTICE too.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LINES

Written on occasion of a friend, to whom all letters from the author had been accustomed to be sealed with one particular seal, observing that the seal had been changed, and making, in consequence, the following inquiry:—

Why have you discarded your seal, "I know that my Redeemer liveth?"

'Tis even so, dear friend; no more,
A letter sent by me, now giveth
The seal which Job's sweet passage bore—
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

'Tis likewise true that for the same,
Though this your letter does not mention,
I use one which would always claim,
For my initial, sole attention.

I'm glad these little things to see,
By one whom I esteem, regarded;
And therefore, as you ask of me,
I'll tell "why I've my seal discarded."

It is not that in wanton pride,
My dearest Lord himself denying,
I have his service thrown aside,
His love and wrath alike defying.

It is not that I've lately found,
As truth more deeply I inspected,
The basis of my faith unsound,—
And therefore have that faith rejected.

It is not that in wild despair,
As might have been, had Jesus taken
From me his kind upholding care,
I have my hold of him forsaken.

It is not that I less believe
That Jesus lives, and lives for ever;
Though Satan often would deceive,
And from this truth its comfort sever.

It is not that in idle play,
Where'er I've been, with friend or brother,
'Tis stolen, lost, or thrown away,
And I've been forc'd to use another.

It is not that my taste's deprav'd,
And I'm ne'er pleas'd but when I'm ranging
In search of something it has crav'd,—
And chang'd, just for the sake of changing.

It is not that I rudely place
My name, as if of equal merit,
Where once you could the Saviour's trace,
That thus his fame I might inherit.

Nor is it, that, familiar grown
With all the truth my seal unfolded,
I've made that truth so much my own
That to it all my nature's moulded.

"What is it, then," you ask once more,
Impatient till you are regarded,
"Which tells, if nothing nam'd before
Tells, 'why you have your seal discarded?'"

It is because I've been in love,
And, as with lovers 'tis the fashion,
Gave to my precious little dove
A little token of my passion.

Ah! 'twas not that mad love which makes
The bosom burn, if 'tis but slighted;
Nor that which pierces, wounds, and breaks
The heart, when once its hopes are blighted.

No: 'twas a purer love than these,
With heav'n, as well as earth, connected,
And sought, while anxious how to please,
That higher ends might be effected.

Oh! would all love were pure as this,
And with as pure a joy attended!
It stronger grew with ev'ry kiss,
And ever, as it grew, ascended.

And still it lives, as warm to-day,
As pure, as on its first revealing;
Nor can it ever know decay,
Till hearts shall cease to know the feeling.

Yet 'twas a love for womankind,
A love a female form enkindled,
Where all that's lovely was combined,
And all that's beautiful was mingled.

And yet, though she the sex had got,
And show'd it, too, by many a notion,
A woman, verily, was not
The object of this deep devotion.

Would such had been indeed the case,
And in her spirit she had carried
As much to love as in her face,
I then should some day p'rhaps have married.

But 'twas not so; she was a child,
A little child, and to her weaning
Had scarcely yet been reconciled,
Or of it fully taught the meaning.

And yet so quick, so fond of fun,
In all things, for her age, so ready,
To hear her prattle, see her run,
You must have smil'd, however steady.

If like to Saul, depress'd I went,
The fruit of nature, or of folly,
She was my David, all intent
To charm away my melancholy.

I think I see her, how she'd look,
When round the table she was racing,
Or on the sofa had her book,
From leaf to leaf the pictures tracing.

I can't forget how first she learn'd
Two plates of Christ at diff'rent ages,
As both of us together turn'd,
And look'd together, o'er the pages.

"*Jesus a baby!*" she would cry,
The picture with her finger pressing;
"*Jesus a man!*" she'd then reply,
And both of them begin caressing.

Oh! what a sacred joy it gave,
That first to me her lips repeated
His name, who died a world to save,
Yet lives, in realms of glory seated!

The parents, too, how great their joy!
Her father kiss'd her, and her mother;
They'd lost two children, each a boy;
This was their all, they had no other.

They gave her sweatmeats, call'd her dear;
We wept, we smil'd, were quite confounded;
And "*Jesus!*" "*Jesus!*" in the ear,
Has ever since, at times, resounded.

Such was, such is my love, dear friend,
And if my story you've regarded,
You're able now to comprehend
The cause "why I've my seal discarded."

She has my seal; and near her heart
She lets it hang, a little token,
(With which I trust she'll never part,)
Of all the love of which I've spoken.

May that Redeemer it makes known,
On both our hearts bestow his sealing,
By which he'll render them his own,
And show they're his at his revealing.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Dear Friend, I wish to be immortal,
But cannot find of fame the portal.
Tell me, where is it to be found,
On English, or on foreign ground?
Tell me, if you have reach'd the fane,
What 'tis will my admission gain.
Is it *to do*, or *say*, or *write*,
Something so exquisitely bright,
That, in its own capacity,
There never was, and ne'er shall be,
So far as human minds can tell,
Its rival, or its parallel?
Is it *to kill*, like Alexander,
Or any other great commander?
Or like the persecuting Nero?
Or patriot Tell, or England's hero,
Who, when the civil wars were rife,
Took Charles's kingdom, and his life?
Is it *to paint*, like Reynolds, West,
Rubens, Raphael, and all the rest?

Is it *to carve* a piece of stone,
Like Chantrey, till it turns to bone,
To muscles, sinews, flesh, and blood,
A man, a hero, yea, a god?
Is it *to play*, like Paganinni,
A fiddle, like himself, so skinny,
That, did you search from head to foot,
You'd find it only had one gut?
Is it *to talk*, like those great two,
Demosthenes and Cicero?
Or Sheridan, that modern wonder,
Or any of the Sons of Thunder?
Or is't *to write*, with mighty scope,
Like Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope,
Bacon, Locke, Baxter, Howe, or Owen,
Or any these first set agoin'?
If 'tis *to kill*, *paint*, *carve*, or *play*,
Or be an *orator*, the way,
I fear I shall not soon discover,
To fame, and must the search give over.
If 'tis *to write*, in verse or prose,
Like Milton, Howe, or some of those;
I'll *try*, at least, to find fame's portal,
To enter, and to be immortal.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THOMAS W———L,

ON PRESENTING HIM WITH A KITE.

THOMAS, whene'er you see your kite
Ascend the air to such a height,
And from your vision disappear,
As though it sought a nobler sphere
Than that which mortals call "the earth,"
And deem of such amazing worth;
You know, it owes its high ascent
To something more than accident;
That upwards soon 'twould cease to spring
Were it not aided by your string;
And that, should it but prove unsound,
And for its task too weak be found,
'Tis very certain it would break;
Then must the kite the skies forsake,
And back to this terrestrial ball
You'd view your paper-plaything fall.
Let this to you a lesson give,
To teach you rightly how to live:

Would you be eminent and great,
Nor ever feel reverse of state;
Would you have love, esteem, and praise,
From all who know you, all your days,
And, when you're dead, a lasting fame,
An honor'd, and a hallow'd name,
Make virtue's paths your early choice,
With gladness listen to her voice,
Whate'er she bids with pleasure do,
And wisdom zealously pursue;
Then, if not soon, you'll safe arrive
At that renown for which you strive.
But they who practice vicious deeds,
Whence real greatness ne'er proceeds,
Are kites with rotten string; in vain,
They try ambition's point to gain,
Or if they do a little soar,
They soon fall down, and rise no more.

"I'VE A WISH TO DIE."

WRITTEN UNDER SEVERE AFFLICTION.

"I loathe it; I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days are vanity." Job vii. 16.

Dear Mother, I've a wish to die;
I long to quit this land of gloom,
My soul, the tenant of the sky,
My flesh, the tomb.

What though my years have been so few
That youth but lately took its flight,
And manhood, like a garb that's new,
Seems glossy bright!

I've lived sufficient time to know
How oft appearances betray,
That all is vanity below
Rove where I may.

This life is but a shallow stream,
And sailing's dang'rous at the best;
Its wealth and pleasures are a dream,
Its praise a jest.

Dear Father, I've a wish to die;
I long to quit this land of gloom,
My soul, the tenant of the sky,
My flesh, the tomb.

I covet not the marble urn,
Nor pompous monumental bust,
For these shall perish in their turn
And drop to dust.

I only ask a simple stone,
In some sequester'd, rural spot,
Unseen by all but those who've known,
And mourn'd my lot.

No lengthen'd strain of precepts sage
The sculptor's chisel need rehearse,
But just inscribe my name and age,
And this short verse:—

Thou know'st enough; here rests my clay,
My soul has wing'd its mystic flight
To realms of everlasting day,
Or endless night.

Dear Parents, I've a wish to die;
I long to quit this land of gloom,
My soul, the tenant of the sky,
My flesh, the tomb.

"WHAT MEANS AN EPITAPH?"

What means an Epitaph? If 'tis the test
By which the poet's mind and sculptor's art
We prove, then are there many; if the breast,
The soul, the man to bare, and to impart
A knowledge to the living, just and true,
Of one departed, with his passions, worth,
Frailties, and excellence, alas! how few
Can there be found upon this barren earth!

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A YOUTH, ON HIS ENTERING HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

Just like the sea,
Of fitful nature,
Now fix'd, now free,
At odds each feature;
The slave of winds, and chang'd in all its forms,
Hearing their fiat;
A magazine of dangers, wrecks, and storms,
Nor ever quiet:—
Dear Youth, the ocean
Enter'd by you, and over which you sail,
Will prove to be;
Having no settled, safe, or even motion,
By ev'ry gale
Made big with death, despair, and misery.

Deem not this picture false; think not that life
Has met undue reproof, and knows not strife;
No rest nor peace has man, till moor'd in heav'n;
No guide to lead him there, but Christ, is giv'n.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

What is an Album? would you know,
The book you hold will quickly show,
If you but read its pages:
An Album! 'tis a medley terse
Of ev'ry kind of prose and verse,
By pedants and by sages.

Here—Lines to Friendship—meet the eye;
Here—Lines to Virtue;—by-and-by
A scrap—On Love—appears.
How many albums may be found
Where nothing else but these abound,
Though written in for years!

But this, it pleases me to find,
Has subjects of a higher kind,
Our duty to our maker:
May each who reads this album be
A worshipper, O God, of thee,
And of thy grace partaker.

VANITY OF EARTHLY PLEASURES.

"All that cometh is vanity." Eccles. xi. 8.

Mere earthly pleasures, like a dream,
Are hardly ever what they seem;
Realities they feign to be,
But prove a lying vanity.

And yet what numbers entertain
No higher hope than these to gain!
Though oft by disappointment taught
Such pleasures are not worth a thought.

If all the pleasures earth can give
Were ours so long as we may live,
They still would fail to satisfy,
And leave us when we came to die.

Let then, my soul, such pleasures go,
And nobler pleasures seek to know;
Live near to Christ by faith divine,
Eternal pleasures then are thine.

STANZAS

Written during a ramble through the Castle walks, Castle-Hedingham, a beautiful retreat, and often frequented by Isaac Watts.

How much the mem'ry of the saint,
  Who once enjoy'd this rural calm,
Does ev'ry scene with beauty paint,
  And ev'ry spot with love embalm!

And was it, Watts, whilst straying here,
  Those holy raptures fir'd thy breast,
Which rais'd thy spirit to the sphere
  Where now it finds eternal rest?

If so, why feel not I the same?
  Why do not I in raptures rise?
Why do they not my soul inflame,
  And bear it, singing, to the skies?

Ah! p'rhaps you say, there's nought below,
  Not e'en such scenes as these, can give
The soul with heav'nly warmth to glow,
  But near to heav'n, by faith, to live.

ON ABSENCE.

If from our native land we roam,
Far, far beyond the sea's proud foam,
What gives their charm to thoughts of home?
'Tis Absence.

What makes us drop the frequent tear,
For friends, whom we esteem more dear
Than when with them we did appear?
'Tis Absence.

And when forsaking distant lands,
What makes them wait with ready hands,
Our hearts to join in stronger bands?
'Tis Absence.

Yes; Absence makes us love to meet,
With warmer zeal our friends we greet;
And friendship's render'd doubly sweet,
By Absence.

HYMNS.

RELIGIOUS DECISION AND SELF-CONSECRATION.

"And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord."
Joshua xxiv. 21.

'Tis done, the solemn act is done,
And God himself the act records;
I've sworn allegiance to his Son;
I've vow'd that I will be the Lord's.

My spirit, Lord, my body, too,
Their gifts and pow'rs, I consecrate,
Thy law to keep, thy will to do,
And gospel truth to promulgate.

But O for strength! and where shall I
Sufficient for the work obtain?
I dare not on my own rely,
This would be impious, 'twould be vain.

To thee I look: O Lord, bestow
Abundant wisdom, grace, and zeal,
That I may conquer ev'ry foe
Time can make known or sin reveal.

On me the gospel armour gird;
To use its weapons teach me how;
And ne'er in action, thought, or word,
Let me repeal or break this vow.

Then, at the awful hour of death,
When thou from earth shalt summon me,
I'll cheerfully resign my breath,
And praise thee through eternity.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

O THOU! who art the first and last,
With whom the present and the past,
And future, are the same;
Our hearts and voices now prepare,
In sacred praise and solemn prayer,
To call upon thy name.

We praise thee that thou dost unfold,
In calm succession to the old,
The new, the infant year;
That still the means of grace abound,
And gospel blessings still are found
To comfort and to cheer.

We pray that thou wilt be our guide,
And over all the year preside,
And bring us to its close;
That as its weeks and months roll by,
Thy hand may all our wants supply,
And guard us from our foes.

And since it is *by* thee we live,
To us thy Holy Spirit give,
That we may live *for* thee;
That all we think, and say, and do,
One end alone may have in view,
And that thy glory be.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words." John xiv. 23.

I WOULD the Lord my Saviour love,
With heart, and strength, and mind;
But do I such affection prove,
So ardent, so refin'd?

Alas! I fear my love is faint,
For what should be abhorr'd
I cherish oft without restraint;
Is this to love the Lord?

When at the place design'd for pray'r,
And preaching of the word,
My spirits seem some load to bear;
Is this to love the Lord?

Whate'er it be, to do his will
  Should my chief joy afford;
But duty is a burden still;
  Is this to love the Lord?

O God of grace, my heart renew,
  I then, with sweet accord,
Thy service and thy will shall do;
  O make me love thee, Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. vi. 12.

HARK! 'tis the Prince of heav'n commands
Each Christian soldier to the field,
To fill the ranks, and swell the bands,
Which do the gospel's weapons wield.

Behold his foes! they pour along,
Guilt, death, and hell are in their train;
'Tis Satan heads the haughty throng,
And would o'er all exalted reign.

Then let your courage and your might,
Your wisdom and your zeal be shown,
To gain for heav'n this sacred fight,
And hurl the tyrant from his throne.

For O remember, each must be
A friend, decided, or a foe;
Neither admits neutrality,
'Tis endless bliss, or endless woe.

Lord, make me thine, and let me wear
Thy armour, counting it no shame
Thy truth and mercy to declare,
And spread the triumphs of thy name.

THE SAINT'S PORTION.

"Thou art my portion, O Lord." Psalm cxix. 57. "Blessings are upon the head of the just." Prov. x. 6.

The Lord's the portion of the just,
The boundless store in which they trust;
To Him they go for fresh supplies,
When wants, and cares, and doubts arise.

Soon as requests by them are made,
He willingly affords his aid;
Gives ev'ry blessing from his hands
Which their necessity demands.

Should earth and hell, with fiendish spite,
Against them, all their pow'rs unite,
He needs but speak, and all is well;
His word the raging furies quell.

Would I were just, that I could call
The Lord my portion, Christ my all;
I then could never dare repine,
For having Christ, all things are mine.

Lord, make me just, and let thy will
Be my sole struggle to fulfil;
Content with treasures in the sky
Which worldly wealth can never buy.

RELIGIOUS DECLENSION LAMENTED.

"Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit." Psalm li. 12.

Dear Father! look upon thy child,
So oft by folly's paths beguil'd;
For after all the crimes I've done,
Thou'rt still my Father, I thy son.

Do thou the dear relation prove,
And bless me with thy pard'ning love;
In me its mighty pow'r exert,
And all its sov'reign claims assert.

And if again my wayward heart
Should tempt me from thee to depart,
Let the same love restrain me so
That I may not have pow'r to go.

Let love to thee inflame my soul,
And all its energies control;
A love, of which thine own to me
The source and sustenance shall be.

But should I yield, again to stray
In sin's delusive, dang'rous way;
Again thy presence to forsake;
Do not from me thy presence take.

Should I forget that thou art mine,
Forget not, Father, I am thine;
Thy wand'ring child again restore,
And save me that I fall no more.

THE MATCHLESS LOVE OF GOD.

"God is love." 1 John iv. 16.

GREAT God! how wondrous is thy love!
No equal can be found,
In worlds below, or worlds above;
'Tis love without a bound.

Great is the love a parent feels,
And great the love of friends;
But thine, which Jesus Christ reveals,
All other love transcends.

This is the love which marks the road
To pardon and to peace;
Which leads poor sinners back to God,
And bids their sorrows cease.

It saves the soul from death and hell,
And cleanses all its stains;
Prepares and raises it to dwell
Where endless pleasure reigns.

Great God, to me this love impart;
Let it inspire my song;
Give all its feeling to my heart,
Its language to my tongue.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER.

O THOU! whose gifts from day to day
Thy goodness and thy love display,
Assist us, whilst to thee we pray
For Children.

Help them their lessons to retain,
Fix in their minds what we explain,
And let us labour not in vain
For Children.

Their hearts renew by sov'reign grace,
Lead them while young to seek thy face,
And grant, O Lord, in heav'n a place
For Children.

Their Parents, too, incline to seek
The blessings we for them bespeak;
Nor ever let their love grow weak
For Children.

Let us, the Teachers, also feel
The truths we do to them reveal;
And O increase our pious zeal
For Children.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

AS SET TO MUSIC FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

How kind is the Saviour! how great is his love!
To bless little children he came from above;
He left holy angels, and their bright abode,
To live here with children and teach them the road.

He wept in the garden, and died on the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me;
His blood is that fountain, which pardon bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it flows.

He went back to glory, but left us his word,
Which oft from our teachers and pastors we've heard;
He sends forth his Spirit our hearts to inflame
With joy in his service and love to his name.

He's now with his Father, and sits on his throne,
And thousands of voices more sweet than our own,
The voices of children who dwell with him there,
In praises unceasing his goodness declare.

O help us, blest Jesus, more sweetly to praise,
And walk in thy footsteps the rest of our days;
Then raise us, dear Saviour, to taste of thy love,
And praise thee for ever with children above.

SONNETS.

I.

ON COMPLETING MY TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

This is my anniversary; my age
Stamps me a man, and bids me separate
From all the visions of my youthful state,
Which fairer days and brighter scenes presage,
In life's more lofty projects to engage.
Which way does greatness lie? I would be great;
God is its source; O God! I dedicate
Myself to thee; do thou my thirst assuage.
Three worlds my service and submission crave;
Let each be witness, heaven, earth, and hell,
Whilst to the middle one my choice I tell:
I give myself to heav'n; my all it gave;
Distinctions are its gift; for these I aim,
A Christian's glory and a poet's fame.

II.

ON LUTHER.

WRITTEN AFTER A PERUSAL OF D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

How bright a star burst forth! how full! how clear!
When Luther rose and shone upon our world;
When Popish darkness from her throne was hurl'd,
And gospel light resum'd it; when with fear
Proud error's ranks were smitten, van and rear,
And madden'd superstition's lip upcurl'd
To see truth's banner once again unfurl'd,
And peace and liberty the nations cheer!
'Twas sure an orb of some diviner sphere
Than that of any now before our eyes,
And to the sun of righteousness so near
That from his light and heat it gain'd supplies.
When shall a host such stars together rise,
Illumine earth, and lead us to the skies?

III.

AN OLD ENEMY IN A NEW DRESS.

"And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. 2 Cor. xi. 14.

FORTH from his drear abode in realms of night
The Prince of darkness ventures into day,
And through the earth once more pursues his way,
Calling it his, and claiming as his right
The diadem of universal might.
But how he's chang'd, since last it own'd his sway!
No sword or faggot, now, his hands display.
He seems an angel, cloth'd in robes of light,
And by his soft address, and softer smiles,
Bewitches thousands to embrace his cause;
Yet God shall rise and disappoint his wiles,
And magnify his own all-righteous laws.
Soon shall the tyrant close his boastful reign,
And leave his iron sceptre for his chain.

IV.

LONDON AT MID-DAY.

'Tis London, and 'tis mid-day:—busy scene!
Nought now but tumult meets our eyes and ears,
For Commerce in her thousand shapes appears
And with ten thousand voices; as their queen
All classes follow her, the great, the mean,
Knaves, tradesmen, lawyers, statesmen, fools, and seers;
Each courts her favour, each her anger fears.
And where she's waited for, as where she's been,
The tumult reigns; the carriage and the cart,
The run, the walk, the bustle and the shout,
Are but the various projects mortals start
To keep her pathway, or to search it out;
Till an unrivall'd, undisputed sway
She holds o'er all, and all her claims obey.

V.

LONDON AT MIDNIGHT.

'Tis London, and 'tis midnight:—awful fact!
For nothing now is seen or heard around,
Nor any sign of human being found,
Save where the noisy bacchanals attract
The list'ning ear, or harlots base transact
Their baser calling; or together bound
In wicked league, both vomit forth the sound
Of lawless revelry, and by each act
Their mid-day character, though bad, disgrace,
And make their vice more vicious; such as shame
Their very shamelessness; whilst ev'ry aim
Must fail their perfect lineaments to trace.
Such is a London midnight; for our race,
O woman, blush! O man, conceal thy face!

VI.

ON AN ALARMING FLOOD.

"Afraid at thy tokens." Psalm lxv. 8.

GREAT God! what terror seiz'd us, when of late
The waters, at thy bidding, from thy hand
In devastating floods swept o'er the land,
And like thy tokens of an ancient date,
Which thy divine perfections celebrate,
Proclaim'd thy presence, and supreme command
O'er all thy pow'r has fram'd, and wisdom plann'd!
How eager were we, in our wretched state,
To flee from danger, and some refuge gain
Beyond the reach of an untimely death!
What had we done, had our attempts been vain?
What had we done, had we resign'd our breath
Without a Saviour, unprepar'd to meet
Thine awful presence at thy judgment seat?

VII.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear Friend, my muse, that, like a haughty queen,
  Will never give an audience but she
  Commands as well as favours, points to thee,
And though so lately we've together been,
Bids me salute thee; nor shall it be seen
  That I am lax in love or loyalty:
  But with what appellation should it be?
My muse herself can scarcely tell I ween:
Man, christian, poet, brother, friend, divine,
  All these thou art to many, more to me;
  Our ages, tastes, pursuits, e'en names agree:
I'll hail thee, then, my Consort Masculine!
For sure, if souls can wed, there ought with mine
To be at once the union of thine.

CHARADES AND ENIGMAS.

I.

My *first* belongs to me alone,
And is indeed so much my own
It cannot be transferr'd;
My *second* you have often seen,
If many journeys you have been,
And very often heard.

My *third* takes life away, to give
The useful greater room to live,
When greater room they claim;
My *whole*, by fiction sacred made,
And as you have it here pourtray'd,
Gives a romance its name.

II.

My *first* may to the ear express
The worst abode of wretchedness;
My *second* to the eye may be
An emblem of eternity;
My *third*, which nought of figures knows,
A certain number plainly shows;
My *fourth*, to all who hist'ry read,
And note its facts as they proceed,
To all with wit enough to learn
The proper epoch to discern,
Becomes a simple indication
Of half our planet's population;
My *whole's* a boon of so much worth,
That all the happiness of earth,
And all the harmony of heaven,
With me are found, by me are given.
May each, to whom I now yield pleasure,
Obtain me, and ne'er lose the treasure.

III.

My *first* of water may be full;
My *first* and *second* food supply;
My *third's* a public vehicle;
My *whole*, an insect of the sky.

IV.

I ONCE had life, yet strange to say,
I was not, till life pass'd away;
I once was *carnally* inclin'd,
But now I'm *holy* and refin'd;
I'm sometimes *great*, and sometimes *small*,
But *drilling* makes me all in all;
I'm sometimes *shy*, and notice shun,
And sometimes *seen* by ev'ry one;
And, though there's little worth about me,
You'll scarcely meet a man without me.

V.

Wherever man is, there am I;
All love, and seek my company;
I live on ev'ry kind of fare,
And sometimes make a feast on air;
Few things for life will harder strive,
Yet oft I die, and oft revive:
But strange to say, life would for ever flee,
If what I live on you once gave to me.

FRAGMENTS.

ON DELAY IN RELIGION.

"It will do by-and-by."

That "by-and-by" is Satan's lullaby;
And with so sweet a voice he tunes it o'er
The ear is caught and ravish'd; and the soul
The fond enchantment soon participates,
And won to sympathy, invites repose.
The downy couch of dull indifference
Prepar'd to welcome it, on that it falls;
And rock'd to rest by soft indulgent ease,
It slumbers senseless on, and wakes no more,
Till death disturb it, and the summons give
To rise to judgment; whence, condemn'd, accurs'd,
No more to sleep for ever, wakeful kept
By keen remembrance of its slumb'ring here,
In speechless horror, and in deaf despair,
Headlong to hell it rushes.

THE PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

I AM not what I would or ought to be,
  Unworthy, weak, polluted, base, and vile;
A foe alike unto myself and Thee,
  My heart the harbinger of sin and guile.
Thou hast the pow'r, thou only, to disperse
  The clouds which hang portentous o'er my mind;
'Tis thine, and thine alone, to bless and curse;
  I only in thy favour joy shall find.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WISH.

Like as a glass reflects each ray
Emitted by the orb of day
  On its resplendent face,
I would the image from my mind
Of Christ reflect, that all mankind
  Might the resemblance trace.

THE DYING SAINT'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

HARK! hark! what music strikes my ear?
'Tis Jesu's voice, his words revere.
"Come, dying saint, with me to dwell."
"Lord, I obey; vain world, farewell!"

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG PERSON.

A FLOW'R, transplanted here
From paradise above,
So beauteous did appear,
We worshipp'd by our love.
It therefore to its native clime
Was taken, just at blooming time.

FALSE PLEASURE.

Look here! and read
As you proceed,
  Though fast you run:—
Pleasure and pain,
Though view'd as twain,
  Oft prove but one.
They seem to be
Just like a tree;
Pleasure's the root,
And pain the fruit.

THE END.

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